

3
H E R O

K
A N D

L E A N D E R,

A

B U R L E T T A:

T W O A C T S:

AS IT IS PERFORM'D AT THE

Royalty Theatre,

GOODMAN'S-FIELDS.

Tu, quid ego et populus mecum desideret audi.

HOR.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED for the AUTHOR; and sold by A. CLEUGH,
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Court, Ludgate-Street; and at the Theatre.

O R E H

A N D

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B U R L E T T

T W O A C T S



G O O D M A N ' S F I E L D S

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L O N D O N
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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N:

Abudah,	Mr. W. PALMER,
Delah,	Mr. CHAMBERS,
Leander,	Mr. ARROWSMITH,
Hymen,	Master BRAHAM,
Solano,	Mr. BANNISTER.

Soldiers—Labouring People, Men and Women.

W O M E N:

Hero,	Mrs. FOX,
Safrina,	Mrs. BURNETT,
Minerva,	Miss BURNETT,
Shepherdes,	Mrs. STEVENSON.

DRAMATIC PERSONS

M E N

Abraham	Mr. W. F. Farmer
Belshazzar	Mr. Chamberlain
London	Mr. Arrow Smith
Hyacinth	Major Graham
Belshazzar	Mr. B. H. Hester

Belshazzar--Lamenting People, Men and Women.

W O M E N

Hero	Miss F. G. X.
Belshazzar	Miss B. H. Hester
Minerva	Miss B. H. Hester
Belshazzar	Miss B. H. Hester



A C T I.
S C E N E, *the Banks of the Hellespont.*

T I M E, *Sun rise.*

SOLANO—SAFRINA—HERO—Labouring
Men and Women.

C H O R U S.

ALL hail the chearful god of day,
Parent of ev'ry human bliss ;
Who (e're he wings his heav'nly way)
Salutes his Thetis with a kiss.

S H E P H E R D E S S.

See how Creation smiles around,
What melody enchants the grove :

H E R O.

Tis there the voice of nature's found,
Responsive to the note of love.

C H O R U S,

All hail, &c.

S O N G.

H E R O.

E're yet Aurora chase the dews,
 The lark his matten song renews,
 And seems to chide the swains delay,
 To lose so sweet a part of day.

II.

See from the ground his mate arise,
 And seems to mock our wand'ring eyes;
 Still as she soars, her notes decay,
 'Till the faint warblings die away.

S O N G.

S A F R I N A.

When I was young, I danc'd and sung,
 My heart was lighter than a fly;
 No care my youthful bosom stung,
 At ev'ry rout, pray who but I.

II.

At length the Urchin bent his bow,
 The vagrant arrow hit the mark;
 But Hymen 'tolv'd his skill to shew,
 Cur'd poor Safrina in the dark.

(7)

S O N G,

S O L A N O.

Alas how chang'd the face of things,
Hark, hark, the howling tempest sings ;
Ah now ! the rebel winds she feels,
Toss'd on the billows, how she reels.

II.

She's now a wreck—Behold on high,
Exploded thunder rends the sky ;
A dread convulsion moves the shore ;
And rocks the deep, unmov'd before.

S O N G.

L E A N D E R.

Transparent now, and all serene,
The gentle current flows ;
While fancy draws the flatt'ring scene :
How fair the landscape shews.

II.

But soon its transient charms decay,
When ruff'ling tempests blow ;
The soft delusions fleet away :
And pleasure ends in woe.

(8)

S O N G.

A B U D A H.

Stand all aloof, ye paltry jades;
And you, ye filthy knave of spades:
How dare you look beyond those pales,
On me, who wears three thumping tails?
Don't you all know, that at a blow,
I'd send you to the shades below?
Begone! or else, I swear, ods-bobs;
I'll send you home, without your nob.

S O N G.

H E R O.

O, Sir, be consenting, be kind, and relenting;
Release these poor creatures, and send them away:
Do but this, and you'll find,
How good-natur'd and kind,
I'll prove to my Spouse, by night and by day.

II.

O come now, sweet lover, a passion discover:
A fly little Cupid, now lurks in that smile:
Ev'ry maid must surrender,
To such a commander;
You've found out a way, my poor heart to beguile.

Behold, like Apollo, his ringlets of yellow!

Behold, how like Mars, at this moment he stands:

His breath too discloses,

The perfume of roses;

How plump, his round cheeks, and how taper his

hands (hands)

O come now, sweet lover, &c.

CHORUS PRISONERS.

Happy, happy, happy day,

Ev'ry heart its homage pay.

CHORUS by the TURKS.

Wake to harmony the voice,

Rejoice—'tis mercy calls—rejoice.

CHORUS ALL.

Happy, happy, happy day,

Ev'ry heart its homage pay;

Wake to harmony the voice,

Rejoice—'tis mercy calls—rejoice.

(20)

ACT the SECOND.

S O N G.

A B U D A H.

Gentle Hero! take my hand;

Love and life's at my command:

Joys' surrounding,

Sorrows drowning;

Bliss shall gladden all the land.

But if you refuse me,

And think but to noose me,

In love's filken fetters;

And sneer at your betters:

By the Gods, now I swear,

From your bosom I'll tear—

No, stop—I'll do more;

I'll deluge the shore:

With blood—

Till nature looks wild;

And before I retire,

I'll kindle a fire,

That shall toast you,

And roast you,

Man, Woman and Child.—

(11)

S O N G.

S O L A N O.

Hark! the trumpet sounds afar;
The clam'rous harbinger of war:
Rouze Soldiers, rouze; to arms, to arms;
The call, my beating bosom warms:
The foe insults our native shore,
And proudly mocks his conqueror.

A I R.

O Genius of this happy land;

Descend! and bless thy chosen band:

Give us to meet the daring foe;

'Tis liberty, shall nerve the blow.—

So when the toils of war are o'er,

And meek-ey'd peace, unlocks her store;

Each youthful Hero, then shall prove,

A sweet reward, in faithful love.

S O N G.

S O L A N O.

O see how he comes, how he moves thro' the gloom,
 Conducted by fate, and by love, to his doom: T
 O see the fond youth, to the shore, now he bends,
 And quits his Companions, his Country, & Friends:
 Regardless of danger, he darts thro' the wave; T
 'Tis Nature commands him, and Nature must save.

S O N G.

L E A N D E R.

Awake, my sweet Hero, my hearts dearest treasure;
 Leander now calls you, to love and delight;
 'Tis Hymen shall sanctify loves' softest pleasure:
 Give our days all to joy, and to rapture the night.
 Awake then, my charmer, & share the sweet blessing;
 The moments now fly me, alas! how distressing;
 O think of our joys, when carrels'd and carressing
 Arise, my sweet Hero—love calls you away.—

D U E T T O.

L E A N D E R.

Come, now my sweet love, to the grove ;

The graces are waiting for you ;

Thro' roles and wood-bines we'll rove ;

And kiss, as all true-lovers do.

H E R O.

O take both my hand and my heart,

My lover, I know he is true ;

'Til death shall direct us to part ;

We'll kiss, as all true-lovers do.

B O T H.

Adieu then to doubt and despair ;

Fair virtue, our loves will pursue ;

We'll not know a moment of care ;

But kiss, as all true-lovers do.

(14)

S O N G.

H Y M E N.

Sweetest pleasures, never ceasing;

Blessings which the Gods present,

Joys, with length of years increasing :

Rosy health, and sweet content :

Await the fair, and deck the youth,

United in the bands of truth.—

II.

And when old time, with solemn pace,

Shall call, to tell them, both must die :

Touch'd, as he views their fond embrace :

He'll bless them first, then pass them by.

Sweetest pleasures, &c.

F I N A L E.

L E A N D E R.

Joy and pleasure, now go round,

Beauty's triumph is to day;

Ev'ry voice, in chorus sound,

This is Hymen's holiday.—

Dress a garland for the fair:

Care and sorrow hither go;

Daffadillies,

Virgin Lillies,

Hymen says he'll have it so.—

H E R O.

Take my hand, you have my heart,

Indeed you've had it long ago;

And now we'll never, never part:

Hymen says he'll have it so.—

C H O R U S.

Joy and pleasure, &c.

S A F R I N A

Cupid is a foolish boy,
Once he try'd on me, his bow:
But I never felt a joy,
'Til Hymen said he'd have it so.

C H O R U S.

Joy and pleasure, &c.

A B U D A H.

Must I then, give up the fair,
And see them laughing at my woe;
Live and lead a life of care:
The devil sure would have it so.—

C H O R U S.

Joy and pleasure, &c.

S O L A N O.

Observe ye fair the moral here,
Let virtue in your bosom glow;
You then may bid adieu to fear,
Hymen says he'll have it so.—

C H O R U S.

Joy and pleasure, &c.

T H E E N D.

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